

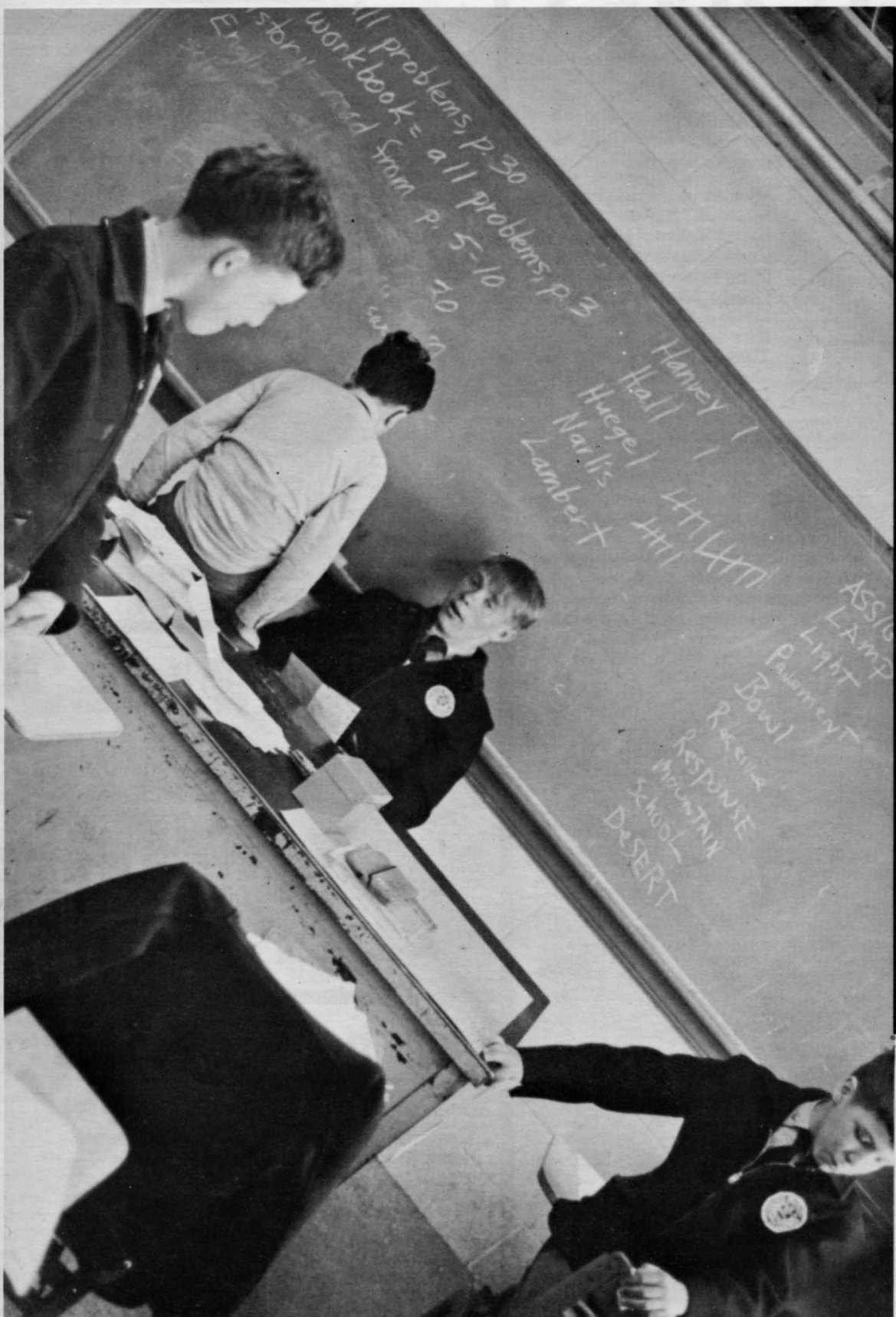
# BAYONET

Vol. 33 Number 4

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Augusta Military Academy

Fort Defiance, Virginia 24437



TWO

# BAYONET

AUGUSTA MILITARY ACADEMY

Vol. 33

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**Editor's Note**—The Bayonet is proud to announce that it has been recognized by the Southern Interscholastic Press Association as superior in the category of news-magazine.

We are just as proud to mention a second place award from Columbia Scholastic Press Association.

The awards are given on a basis of journalistic quality, including writing quality, photography, page design, and creativity.

## Inside

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H-E-L-P! cries Larry Nicholson as he discovers that conducting a class is not as easy as he had thought. Larry covered the fourth and fifth grade for Lt. David West and hopes never to have to do it again. This topsy-turviness also represents the hodgepodge of material in this issue. (Photo by Pope)



An Augusta tradition, Trigger lives a life of ease. For more about this friend to all see page 5.

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# Vietnam: Was It Worth It?

by Glenn Keller

When the United States first sent combat troops in 1965, South Vietnam was in a sorry state. The Communists were slowly enveloping the country and terrorists were slaughtering the people. Now ten years later and over 50,000 American lives later, the Communists are quickly enveloping the country and its own soldiers are terrorizing its people. Was it worth it?

Now only forty miles from Saigon, the Communists are making a cakewalk of conquering province after province. Perhaps some of their most valuable assistance comes from the South Vietnamese armed forces. For instance, in taking Da-Nang the Communists, rather than blasting into the city, waited for the defenders to panic. When the people saw their soldiers running from the fight, the resulting chaos enabled the North Vietnamese to just stroll in.

President Gerald Ford called himself "optimistic" when questioned about the South Vietnamese chances of surviving. Perhaps he feels that the Communists will simply decide that they don't want South Vietnam and just leave. At any rate,

everyone else knows the end is close at hand. Cities such as Hue where over 1,000 U. S. Marines were killed or wounded in repelling the Communists are falling faster than the military can count them.

Obviously Vietnam is not exactly a monument to the United State's foreign policy. Where did we go wrong? Countless political opinions exist. However, the armed forces have said little except that they were not allowed to fight the war properly due to political pressure.

Therefore, it might interest the reader to hear from someone who was there, and who had enough rank to know more than the average lieutenant, yet without enough rank to be forced to play back the standard Pentagon speech. Major John Dompe feels, as many people do, that we made our biggest mistake in going in there in the first place. Why? He felt that a country such as Vietnam would have been better off under Communistic rule.

Before starting to yell, "Commie! Commie!", remember that it is widely known that for a democracy to function the people of said democracy must

have a full understanding of the workings of their government. Putting it simply, they must be educated. To say the least, the literacy rate in Vietnam cannot be very high at all. And perhaps one of the greatest ironies of all is that the general populace could care less about who governs their country.

Communism, to most people, including this reporter, is a form of government we could all do without. However, we could also do without losing our dignity, money, and the lives of over 50,000 young men to defend a country which is in such a state of apathy. The people of Vietnam don't know what they want. We saved them for a brief while, but did they want to be saved? We now see that their soldiers would rather terrorize their own people than to fight for their country. In fleeing cities, the soldiers were always the first to go and if any civilians were in their way that was unfortunate indeed.

Now tell me—was it worth it?

Hard at work, Major Tony Peduto sees that the Mess Hall runs smoothly.

## Capt'in

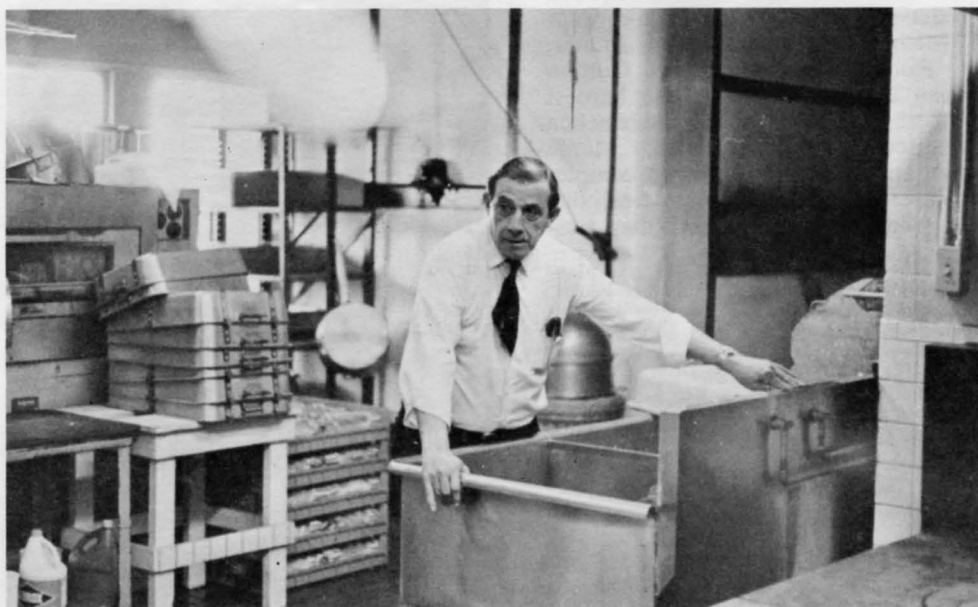
by Jim Favors

Gourmet chef and a twenty-four day keeps the Mess Hall rolling on. If some are still baffled by the term "Gourmet" are still baffled by the term "gourmet chef," Capt. or as others know him, Major Tony Peduto. Major Peduto is a very important man in the Mess Hall. Not only is he head chef and the cornerstone of the Mess Hall, but also he's the father of fourteen cadet waiters.

In an interview Major Peduto was asked what made him become a chef? He explained that before he started at Augusta, he was a sales representative for food and catering companies which served this area. Also while he was at Camp Wheeler, Georgia, he became the Mess Sergeant.

Major Peduto has been at Augusta since 1955 and at that time the cadet corps was about the same size as it is today, but at one time he was cooking for almost double the present cadet corps.

Major Peduto was asked several questions about the cadet corps of the 1950's through 1975. He commented, "I have observed three different generations of



cadet corps and there is a difference in each generation—as different as night and day!"

In the years 1957-1959 the cadet corps had been excellent because it was full of pride and spirit. Also during those years the Mess Hall had 55 CW's and 52 tables. At that time all of the cadet waiters were in Headquarters company and roomed in Band Barracks.

When asked about the differences of the quantity of food served in the later 50's to today, Captain said that in past

years when the economic standard was at a peak, it allowed the Mess Hall to serve more freely than today's economic situation. Today more planning is required since food is one of the most expensive parts of a boarding school.

Completing his second decade in service to Augusta, Major Peduto continues to give continued dedication in striving to make the cadets of Augusta able to lead the daily active lives of today's teenagers.

# She Stoops to Success

by Glenn Keller

When the announcement was made in the Mess Hall that auditions would soon be open for a production of **She Stoops to Conquer**, the snickers opened like wildfire. After all there wasn't enough interest or dedication around AMA to accomplish such a mammoth task.

On 20 March in the Big Room the cast got out their first nervous lines and what proved to be a tremendous success was under way. The audience came prepared to view an assembly of inexperienced actors belching out lines in a boring British drama. Rather what they viewed was a strikingly funny comedy supported by smooth acting and a light atmosphere.

The success of the production was verified by the attentiveness of the audience and their favorable comments. Although the entire case portrayed their characters smoothly and with a professional stage presence, several emerged as favorites with Kate Hardcastle, young Marlow, and Tony Lumpkin, portrayed by Lee Livick, Frank Harris, and Jim Favors respectively.

The audience did not see, however, the tremendous amount of work required to produce the play. What Directors Captain Michael Ridge, Lt. Ken Pfeifer, Capt. Robert Moore, and Lt. Gordon Coleman thought would be the hardest task of all (females) proved facile when they discovered Lee Livick, Marge Dompe, and Lora Alexander to complement the cast. All other fears were dispelled when all three proved they pos-

One big happy family. As the play draws to an end, each member learns the truth enabling all to live happily ever after. (From left: Jim Favors, George Ralston, Lora Alexander, Mike Arrington, Marge Dompe, Glenn Keller, Frank Harris, Lee Livick).



With Mrs. Patricia Pfeifer providing the finishing touches of makeup, Kate Hardcastle, alias Lee Livick, prepares for "She Stoops to Conquer."



"Your hands, gentlemen," says Tony Lumpkin (Jim Favors) to Marlow (Frank Harris), and Hastings (Mike Arrington) as they plot a happy ending to *She Stoops to Conquer*.

sessed much thespian talent.

Rehearsals every afternoon and later twice a day became exhausting to all involved and especially to prop men George Mineff, Tom Kelly, Doug Klick and John Myers, who spent many long hours building the set.

Special thanks should be given to Mrs. Pfeifer and Mrs. Ridge, who not only helped behind the scenes but also put up with their husbands late hours.

After the show everyone involved with the production and a few guests enjoyed themselves at a party hosted by Captain and Mrs. Ridge.

Finding the faculty off-guard, George Ralston and Jim Favors took advantage of the situation and came up with some dry but nonetheless humorous imitations of the faculty. One of the highlights was the "fourth stoop crew's" confession of all those narrow escapes when they "pulled the wool" over the eyes of Col. M. H. Livick. Col. Livick as well as Mrs. Livick was very attentive.

Despite the hard work, everyone involved thoroughly enjoyed themselves, and what really made it worthwhile was the appreciation which the corps showed. With only one senior in the entire cast, the outlook is bright for a strong dramatics program in years to come.

Not willing to end their season, the Augusta players journeyed to Richmond on 18 April to see a University of Richmond production of **Romeo and Juliet** updated to the Gatsby period.





# Message From Past Discovered

FIVE

by George Mineff

William Howard Taft was President of the United States; Dollar diplomacy was practiced; American auto industry was developing; and Augusta Military Academy entered its forty-fourth year. The year was 1909.

In June, 1909, Charles J. Churchman wrote the following letter which was uncovered in March, 1975 by Mr. Porter Beathe, a school custodian, while the old infirmary was being razed.

Room 35, June 2nd, 1909

To whom it may concern,

I am going to drop this spool and paper through a hole in the floor near the west end of this room. It is in the midst of exams, but I have none today. My roommate, J. T. Cook of B Company, is taking his Algebra exam. The work on excavating the new gymnasium has commenced. Whoever finds this write me a letter. This is my last year at old AMA, but I love the old place.

I played right half-back on the football team, right guard on the basketball team, and right field on the baseball team. I was also on the track team, editor-in-chief of the Bayonet, President of the Ciceronian Literary Society, President of the Athletic Association, President of the YMCA and Salutatorian.

Finals begin next Sunday the 6th. God bless old AMA.

Cadet adjutant Charles J. Churchman  
R.F.D. 2, Staunton, Va.

Discovered more than sixty-five years after its creation, the letter outlived its writer, and his roommate.

After graduating from AMA, Charles J. Churchman attended the University of Virginia.

Mr. Churchman returned to Augusta to teach German, history, and mathematics. Involvement led him to play varsity football as a faculty member. Coach of the football and basketball teams, Mr. Churchman served as a member of the Athletic Association Advisory Board and as corresponding secretary of the Alumni Association.

Upon leaving Augusta Military Academy as a faculty member, Churchman returned to the University of Virginia to study law. World War I, however, interrupted his studies. Charles Churchman enlisted in the first Marine Division, was stationed in France, and badly wounded. He left the Marines as a captain and returned to the University of Virginia to finish his study of law. This was accomplished in 1920.

From law school Mr. Churchman went to Richmond and opened a law firm with several classmates from the University of Virginia. Shortly thereafter he became homesick for the Shenandoah Valley and returned to his native Staunton to open his own law firm.

Charles J. Churchman died on December 5, 1932 at the age of forty-two. Death was caused by a stroke. At the time of his death he was survived by three daughters, one son and his widow who today lives in Brookwood, Virginia.

Mr. Wayt Timberlake (AMA-1925) began his own law career by working for Mr. Churchman. Mr. Timberlake remembers Mr. Churchman as a fine outstanding example of a man who was a credit to society and his fellowman.

Charles Churchman's letter comes from an era not remembered but by the grandparents of today's cadets. As with all mortals he creation outlives the creator.

## Ruff Canine Competition

by Christopher Vetick

A native of Fort Defiance and the son of Bre'r Fox and Bullet, Trigger, Augusta's resident collie, has become an institution.

Beginning life with Col. Samuel Wales, Trigger soon moved to the exciting life of a military school. Life at Augusta is enjoyable for Trigger as he is spoiled by the constant attention of other dogs, cadets and faculty.

Well cared for, Trigger has conned Col. Paul Hoover and Major Ed Hart into providing the daily necessities of life. Sleeping where he pleases, Trigger can have his choice of the second stoop tower in winter or the great outdoors in summer for his sleeping quarters.

Not a dull dog, Trigger's main hobbies are eating, sleeping, and at times chasing cars and trucks. But his chasing of cars and trucks has declined because of Trigger's age. Trigger's friends include Snoopy the beagle, and Pooch the mutt.

Recently an unidentified source initiated a Mutt of the Year Contest in which there were eleven entries. Running a close second and third were the well-known Corp Mannasmith, a collie, and little-known Wanda Pfeifer, also a collie.

But the winner was Trigger. Trigger, it seems, has captured the hearts and imagination of cadet corps for the past decade.

To honor Trigger, Saturday 20 April will be known as Trigger Day in which all academic pursuit will be abandoned. At this writing the sponsors were unable to give a list of the prizes won by our Mutt of the Year nor provide a program for the awards ceremony.

Regardless of this Trigger remains his contented self, and it is hoped that he may be remembered as the friendliest dog many have known.

## Coming ...

26 April	Parents Weekend
3 May	Alumni Weekend
8 May	Founders Day
26 May	Exams Begin
30 May	Finals
31 May	Graduation

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# Education on the move

"Travel, in the younger sort, is part of education; in the elder, a part of experience. He that travelth into a country before he hath some entrance into the language goeth to school, and not to travel."—Francis Bacon.

The above quote may not be as old fashioned as it sounds. Field trips have been plentiful this year, and most faculty members are in favor of these expeditions.

Some think that they are unnecessary and only keep the students from class. On the other hand, others agree with Bacon realizing a real importance for them because of their stimulating effect on interest.

While helping to break the daily monotony, field trips (when well planned) can be nothing but educational. Reading books and seeing photographs of places are enhanced when they are seen in real life.

Day to day routine of cadet life may become cause for "the attitude." Realizing this Augusta cadets have been participating in an increasing number of off campus learning activities.

## Detered but Determined

by Glenn Keller

Rain, snow, wind, and two postponements couldn't deter the men of Augusta from doing their bit for the environment.

On 18 March in cooperation with the Virginia Department of Forestry, twenty-one cadets led by Captain Harry Davis, planted over 3,200 pine seedlings provided by West Virginia Pulp and Paper Company on school property near Interstate 81.

Mainly because AMA cadets will do anything to get out of classes, finding volunteers was no problem at all.

Working continuously, the cadets accomplished the task in two and one-half hours. Using a tool called a "planting bore", the cadets worked in teams of two with one wedging a hole and the other stuffing in the tree.

Thanks to the dedication of these individuals, twenty years from now you will be able to see a full grown forest on this site. As one individual put it, "Never in the history of forestry have so many owed so much to so few."

Smokey the Bear would have been proud.

## Reviewed

by George Mineff

Life at Camp Pickett, Va.—What is it really like? This is what forty-nine cadets in Military Training I - IV set out to learn on 18 March, 1975.

Highlights of the morning included a tour of the armored vehicle machine and repair shops and a once in a lifetime opportunity to go inside a real tank.

The afternoon was spent with the Marine Second Battalion Amphibian Company. Met at headquarters by a representative, the cadets were escorted to a target range for amphibians demonstration.

Concluding the day was an attack on the Blue Bomb by five amphibians. Coming as driven by irate faculty members, the amphibians crashed through trees and other obstacles. Relieved that this was only a demonstration of the camouflaging of the amphibians, the group returned with a better understanding of the working of one area of the U. S. Army.

Thanks go to Major John Dompe and CW-4 Max Hutton for arranging this trip and to Col. John Dekle for his tireless efforts in driving the bus.

## Army Life



**CAUGHT IN THE ACT.** Working as a two-man team, Tom Kelly and Tim Nicklin prove that tree planting is easy as well as fun.

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# Faculty Goes Co-ed

SEVEN

by Jim Favors

Mrs. Marjorie Thayer Dowling Dompe has been Augusta's latest addition to the history department. Mrs. Dompe graduated from American University in Washington, D.C. where she received a B.S. degree in Social Sciences.

Mrs. Dompe first taught while stationed with her husband, Major John Dompe, in Bangkok, Thailand at the International School of Bangkok. While there Mrs. Dompe substituted for one year and taught seventh and eighth grade English for another year. Also in Thailand Mrs. Dompe served as a part-time counselor.

Mrs. Dompe was informed of the teaching position vacancy during Spring Break after the school was informed that Major Paul Andrews was retiring.

When asked about her reaction to the teaching position, she commented that her attitude was positive and that it would be a challenge. During the rest of the year she would like to see the student's growth and awareness through application of knowledge and experience. She hopes that this will enable him to reach his full potential if not at the academy then later in life.

Hobbies of Mrs. Dompe include horseback riding and Siamese cat breeding. She has also returned to the role of a Putzfrau (since she had a maid in Thailand), and of being a short order cook for cadets.

Asked about how she liked Fort Defiance, Mrs. Dompe said it reminded her of the booming metropolis of the unknown city; a very relaxing town.



Drivers Education taught by Lt. William Bullock takes on new meaning as Gary Paazig, Jimmy Gounaris, and Keith Showalter learn that slavery really does exist. Washing cars for faculty was an expanded service.



Lt. Marge Dompe? Trying for rank Mrs. John Dompe sews a loose button for a cadet during her free period in attempts to improve her connections with the Military Department. (Photo by Pope)



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MAY 2, 1975

by Greg Economou

As darkness fell on mysterious eeriness came with it. Terror was in the air. It poured from every crack and crevice.

This night wasn't like most nights. It was black, black and cold. The atmosphere was at a peak; the wind was howling; and a full moon shone. All around the room the presence of Alfredo could be felt.

So the night proceeded as this fearless reporter was dared to spend a night in Alfredo's old room in the eerie fourth stoop tower.

I really wish that the atmosphere would have been at its peak. Actually the night was just like all the rest—dark as usual and sort of (to say the least) cold.

I'd like to say that the night was uneventful, but it wasn't. One would really be surprised to know what goes on in the tower at night. The night began slowly and after the flow of first sergeants with Sunday night letters, company commanders, lieutenants and other assorted members of the staff had ended, things had just begun to liven up.

Instead of strange events happening to this reporter, they occurred to every-

one else. One would never know how far a half-inch piece of chalk goes until put in the hands of an artist, an artist like Jim Favors, a resident of the tower. Along with the creative genius of Frank Harris and Glenn Keller, the talented threesome gave graffiti a new meaning.

After the artists came the writers. After all what's a drawing without a caption? Following the writers came the critics. Everyone has an opinion; the trouble is everyone voices it.

After the electricity has been cut, I adjourned to my sleeping quarters. I hadn't been asleep for more than five to ten minutes when I heard strange noises. As I glanced up to see where the noises were coming from, I saw one of the occupants of the tower. He was trying, and I do mean trying, to scare me. I hardly think Jim Favors with a devil's disguise on grunting and growling like an old, fat rat is frightening. As a matter of fact, it's rather comical.

As soon as he had left, things quieted down some and I dozed off. The next thing I remember was hearing something which sounded like rain and I thought

nothing of it. I always thought that I slept like a log, but I never believed it until that night. Someone had turned on the shower full blast. That might not seem like much but I had my bed not more than two feet from the shower stall. They must have been very disappointed.

The people of the tower wanted me to get up and then cry out of fear and panic. Actually it was the other way around. They had to get me up. How could they know I could sleep through anything? What must have disappointed them more was once they had awoken me, all I said was, "shut it off, and let me sleep."

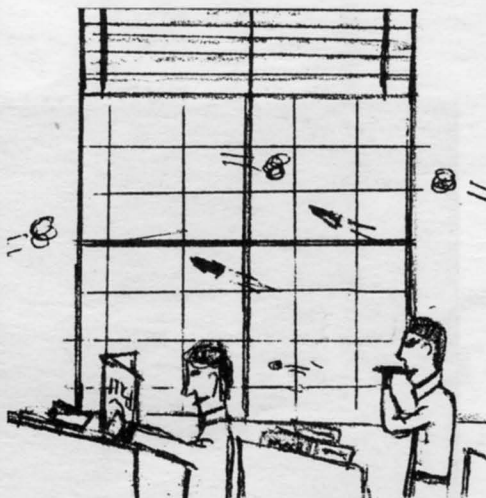
Now that you have read of my adventure, let me tell you what I was supposed to be facing. Alfredo involves a legend of a former faculty officer who roomed in the fourth stoop tower years ago. He had the misfortune to die in a car accident. He was cremated and the ashes sent to his mother in France. Ever since then many a strange thing has happened in Alfredo's room.

Although it sounds eerie, I had nothing to fear except the location and residents of that room in the tower.

## There ought to be a Regulation!



John A. Cadet sweats through Study Hall preparing for a test but still does unsatisfactorily. But put into Big Room Study Hall to pull up his grades, John Cadet finds that studying remains difficult here.



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Downtown

MAY 2, 1975

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